

MARVEL®



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THE TRANSFORMERS™

and

ACTION FORCE™

ARE YOU SITTING COMFORTABLY...

THEN I'LL BEGIN...

THE BIG BROADCAST
of 2006

CHAPTER ONE—
ON A TIME, ON THE
PLANET OF JUNK, A
MASTER SET IN MOTION
THE EVENTS THAT WOULD
ROCK THE GALAXY TO ITS

TRANSFORMERS™

A DISTANT PLANET,
EARTH-DATE: 2008.

ONCE
MORE...

PROLOGUE

... WHERE
IS THE
CANISTER?

NO?
A SHAME.
I THOUGHT YOU'D
HAVE HAD MORE
SENSE! OH WELL,
AS WE SAY IN THE
PROFESSION...

SHEEAH!

THIS IS GOING
TO HURT YOU
A LOT MORE THAN
IT'S GOING TO
HURT ME!

KL/K!

COME ON, WRECK-
GAR! SEE SENSE!
SOONER OR LATER
YOU'LL TELL ME
WHAT YOU KNOW.
WHY NOT MAKE
IT SOONER,
EH?

MY MYSTERIOUS
EMPLOYERS, WHOEVER
THEY MAY BE, ARE
PAYING ME PLENTY
TO EXTRACT THIS
INFORMATION, AND
I GUARANTEE
RESULTS.

AFTER ALL, I
HAVE MY
REPUTATION
TO THINK
OF!

UNH...
TIME OUT,
TIME OUT!
I'LL SQUEAL,
MISTER
REGAN!

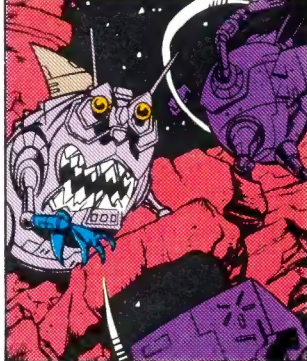
ARE YOU
SITTING
COMFORTABLY?
THEN I'LL
BEGIN...

"IT IS THE YEAR 2006, ACCORDING TO THE TRANSFORMERS CHRONICLES. MECHANICAL LIFE HAS LONG SINCE EVOLVED IN SEGMENTS OF THE COSMOS--EXISTING ALONGSIDE ORGANIC LIFE..."

THIS IS A SPACE-CRAFT OF ONE SUCH MECHANICAL RACE--

--WHICH DISGORGES A TEAM OF SCAVENGING SHARKTICONS TO THE SURFACE OF A LITERAL TRASH... JUNK!

ONCE THERE, THE SHARKTICONS SEARCH FEVERISHLY THROUGH THE ENDLESS PILES OF DEBRIS FOR AN ALMOST SACRED OBJECT DESTINED TO PLAY A MAJOR ROLE IN...

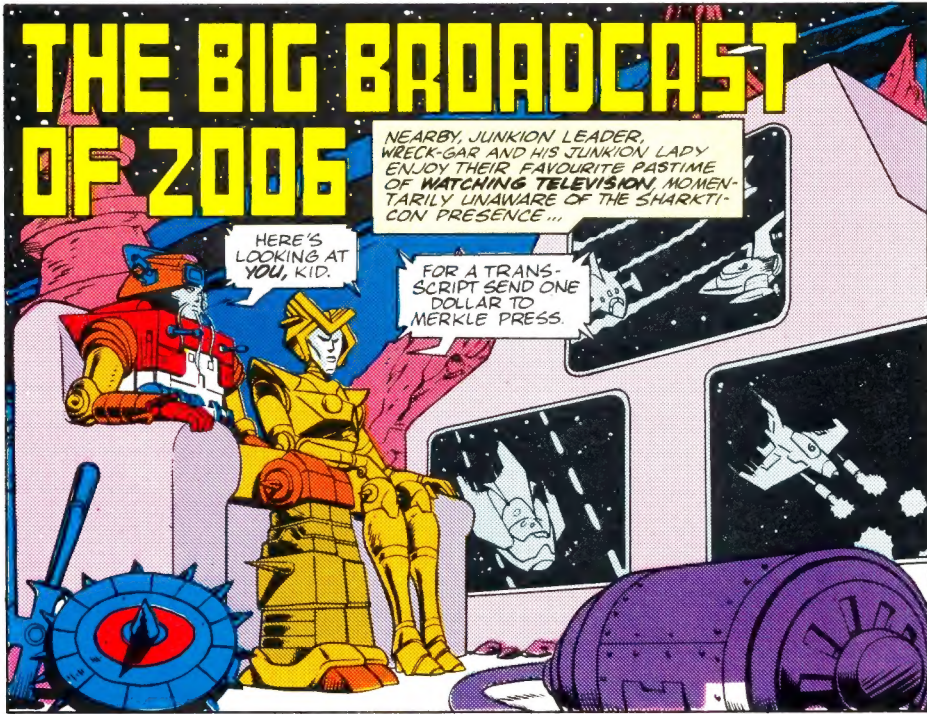


THE BIG BROADCAST OF 2006

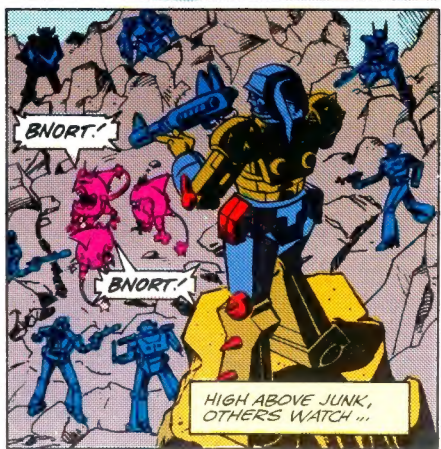
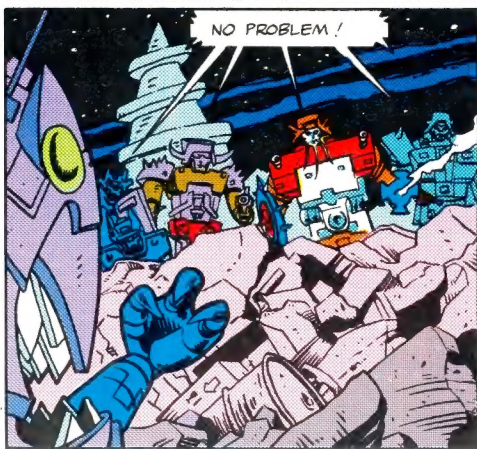
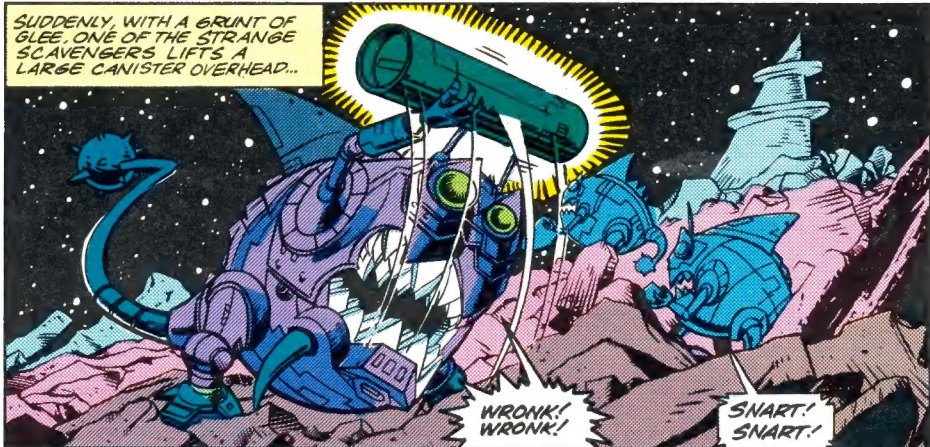
NEARBY, JUNKION LEADER, WRECK-GAR AND HIS JUNKION LADY ENJOY THEIR FAVOURITE PASTIME OF WATCHING TELEVISION, MOMENTARILY UNAWARE OF THE SHARKTICON PRESENCE...

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID.

FOR A TRANSCRIPT SEND ONE DOLLAR TO MERKLE PRESS.



SUDDENLY, WITH A BRUNT OF GLEE, ONE OF THE STRANGE SCAVENGERS LIFTS A LARGE CANISTER OVERHEAD...



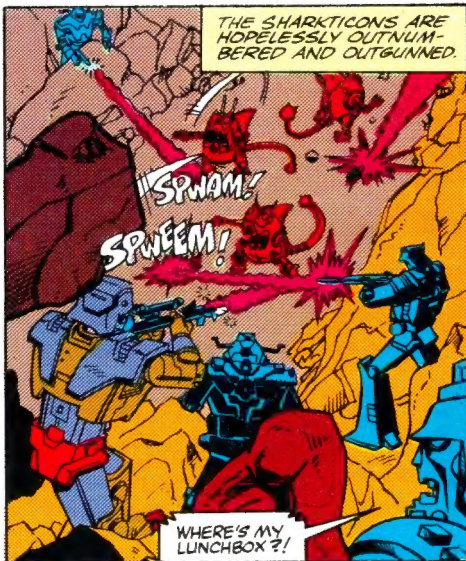
IN STANDARD ORBIT--THE SPACESHIP OF THE **QUINTESSONS**, MASTERS OF THE PRIMITIVE **SHARKTICONS**. THE **QUINTESSONS** ARE A HIGHLY EVOLVED RACE WHO ONCE RULED **CYBERTRON** ITSELF--HOME OF THE **AUTOBOTS**--BEFORE BEING DRIVEN INTO EXILE CENTURIES AGO.



THE FOOLS!
THEY MADE SUCH
A RACKET, THE WHOLE
PLANET'S BEEN ALERTED! THE
CANISTER IS LOST TO US!

AND WE CAME
SO CLOSE!
SO CLOSE!

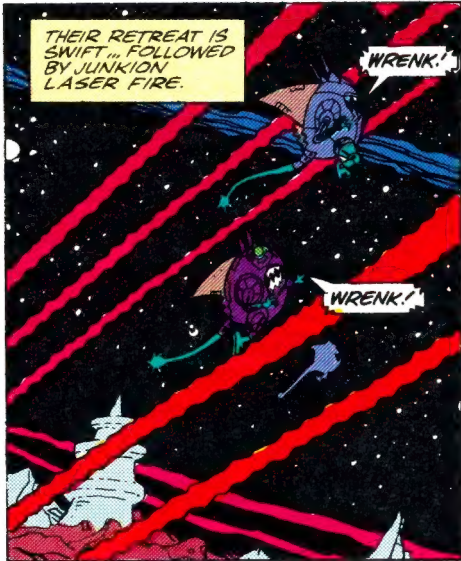
SHUT UP!



THE SHARKTICONS ARE
HOPELESSLY OUTNUM-
BERED AND OUTGUNNED.

SWAM!
SWHEEM!

WHERE'S MY
LUNCHBOX?!

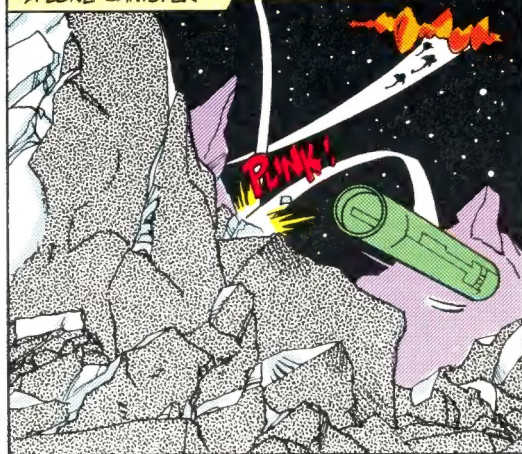


THEIR RETREAT IS
SWIFT... FOLLOWED
BY JUNKION
LASER FIRE.

WRENK!

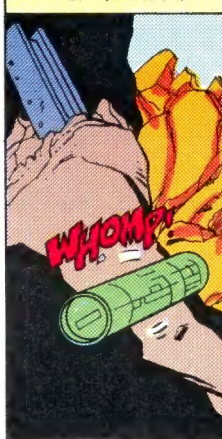
WRENK!

WHILE THE OBJECT OF THEIR PURSUIT--
A LONE CANISTER--



PUNK!

--TUMBLES DOWN
A HUGE MOUND
OF TRASH...



WHOMP!

... SOON TO
NESTLE AMONG
UNCOUNTABLE
TONS OF
GARBAGE... ITS
FINDER-ALARM
SILENT.



SOME TIME LATER, THE QUINTESSONS CONTINUE THEIR MONITORING OF THE JUNKION PLANET, WHICH HAS NOW RETURNED TO NORMAL.



WELL, AS NORMAL AS A RUBBER CRUTCH.

ON COUNTLESS TELEVISION SETS ACROSS THE WORLD THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER IS PLAYED AS PROGRAMMING COMES TO A CLOSE.



THIS CONCLUDES OUR BROADCAST DAY.

IT IS BETTER TO LIGHT A CANDLE THAN TO CURSE THE DARKNESS.

ANALYSIS?

THESE "JUNKIONS" REGARD THEIR ACCUMULATED REFUSE AS THEIR NATIVE SOIL-- AND DEFEND IT AS SUCH.



THE PRIMITIVE TELEVISION TRANSMISSIONS FROM EARTH CONSTITUTE THEIR ENTIRE CULTURE.

WHAT A HERD OF MORONS!

THEY COVET AND COLLECT...



GARBAGE!?!

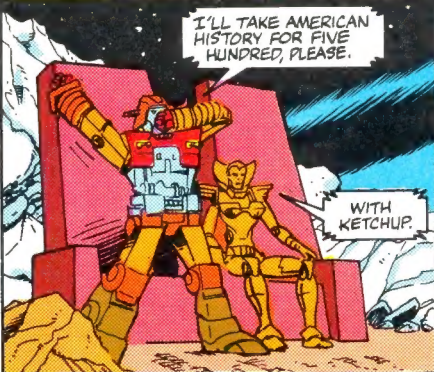
THEN RECOVERING THE CANISTER CONTAINING THE JOURNAL WILL BE MORE DIFFICULT THAN WE IMAGINED!



YES, WE MUST ATTACK BY... **SUTTLER** MEANS.



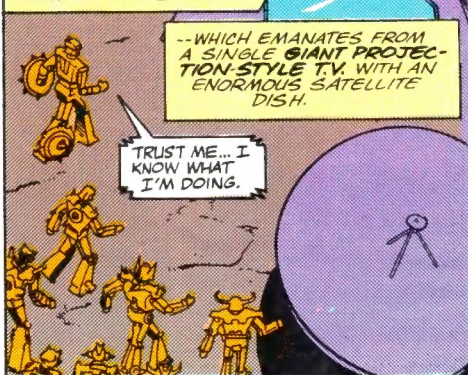
THE FIRST RAYS OF DAWN BREAK OVER THE GARBAGE WORLD AS WRECK-GAR AND HIS JUNK'ON LADY AWAKEN.



THE OPENING STRAINS OF "THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA" REACH THEIR EARS, CAUSING A STARTLED REACTION.

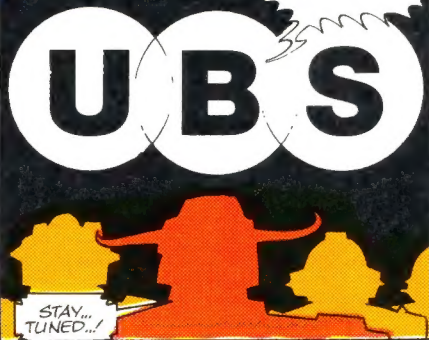


EN MASSE, THE JUNK'ONS HAVE ALL HEADED TOWARD THE SOUND--

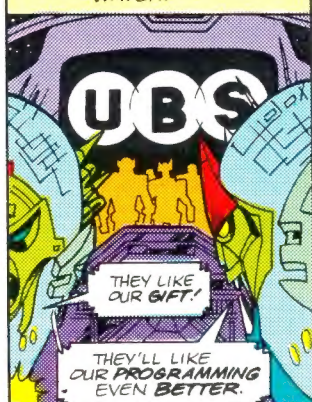


AS THE MUSIC SWELLS, THREE LETTERS APPEAR ON THE SCREEN.

YOU ARE WATCHING THE UNIVERSAL BROADCASTING NETWORK.



ABOVE, THE QUINTESSENS WATCH.



DIRECT HYPERSPACE FEED FROM EARTH. NO RERUNS.



ON JUNK, AN OSCILLATING SINE WAVE APPEARS ON THE GIANT SCREEN AND HYPNOTIC HARMONICS BEGIN...



WIDE-EYED AND SLACK-JAWED, THE JUNKIONS STAND TRANSFIXED TO THE SIGNAL AND SOUND...



MOMENTS LATER, A MOVIE BEAMED FROM EARTH COMES ON AND NOT A SINGLE JUNKION MOVES FROM THE SCREEN.

CRAMBO! HIS MISSION--TO PROTECT THE EARTH FROM THE DEADLY SLIMEMOLDS OF BETA HYDRA II!



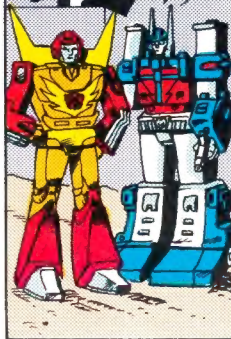
SUDDENLY, A QUINTESSON IMAGE APPEARS!

ALL OTHER LIFEFORMS ARE YOUR ENEMIES... YOUR ENEMIES!



A SHORT TIME LATER, ON THE BENEVOLENT AUTOBOTS' HOMEWORLD OF CYBERTRON, LEADER RODIMUS PRIME AND ULTRA MAGNUS SUPERVISE A RECONSTRUCTION PROJECT...

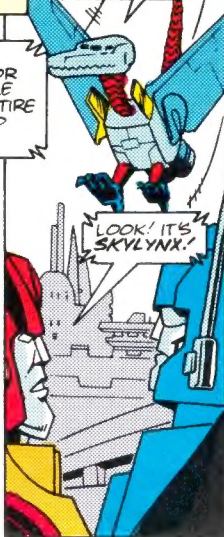
THE NEW HYPERGENERATOR WILL RESTORE POWER TO THE ENTIRE SEVENTH GRID POWER.



THEN...

RODIMUS!
ULTRA MAGNUS!

LOOK! IT'S SKYLYNK!



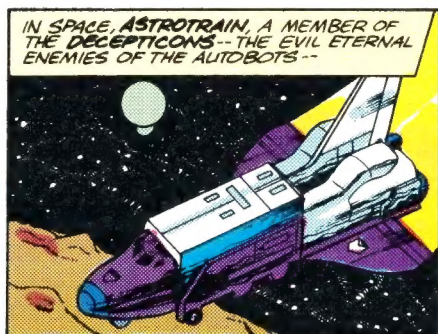
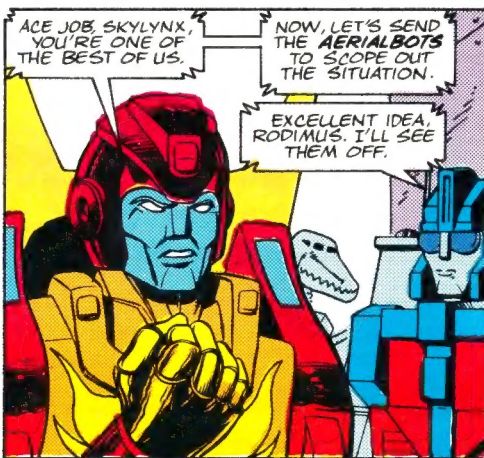
I'VE JUST DONE SOME RECONNAISSANCE WORK OVER JUNK, AND THERE ARE SOME VERY STRANGE THINGS HAPPENING THERE.



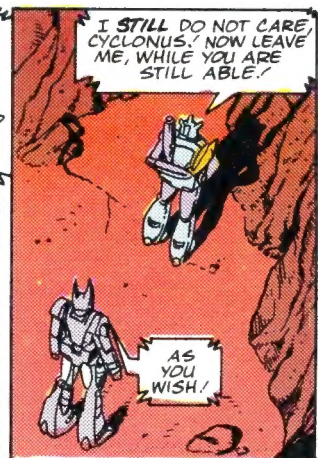
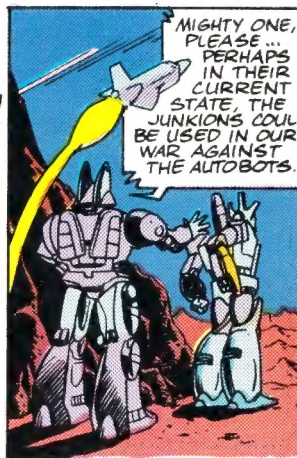
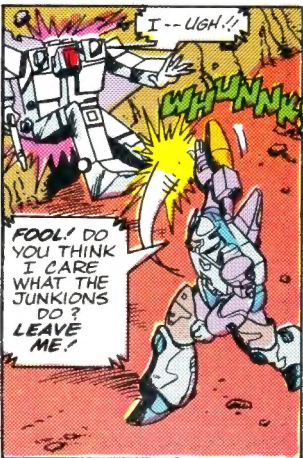
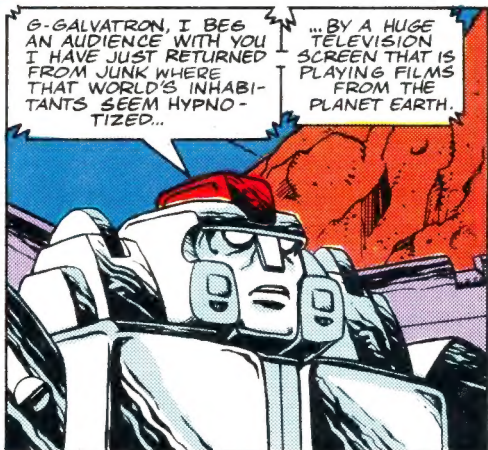
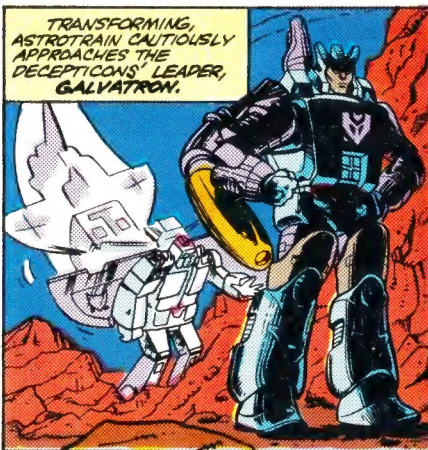
AND AFTER THE UPSET AUTOBOT HAS EXPLAINED...



RODIMUS PRIME. WHAT DO YOU WISH TO DO?



--DESCENDS IN SHUTTLE MODE TOWARD THE CRATERED SURFACE OF CHAAR... WHICH THE DECEPTICONS HAVE CLAIMED AS THEIR OWN.



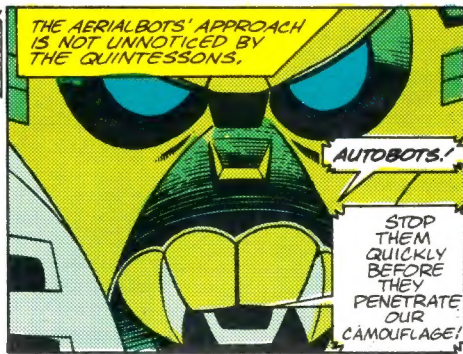
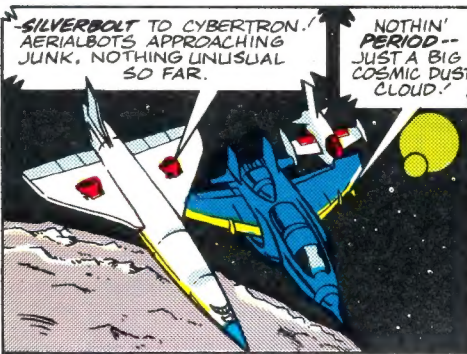
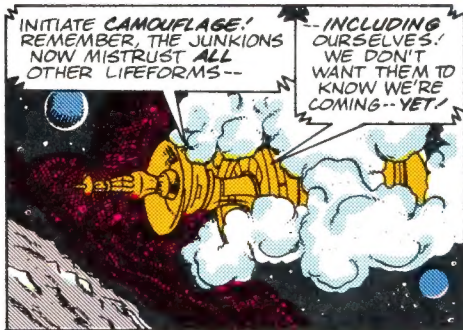
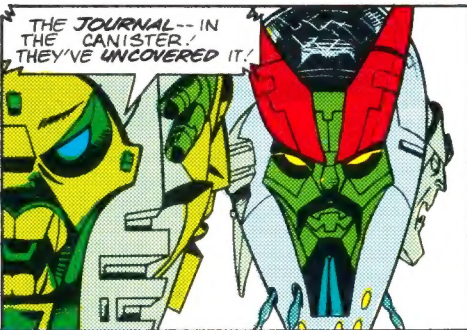
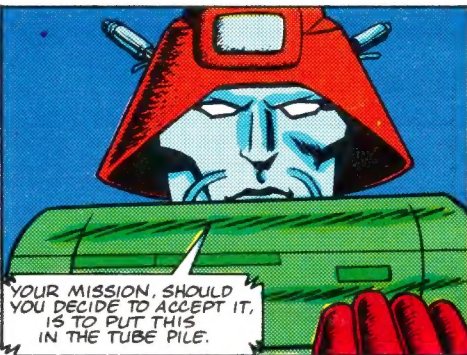
ABOARD THE
QUINTESSON
SHIP...

THE EARTH PROGRAMS,
REINFORCED BY OUR SUB-
LIMINALS, ARE TEACHING
THE JUNKIONS AN INTENSE
DISTRUST OF ALL OTHER
LIFEFORMS...

...AND INSTILLING
THE PRINCIPLES OF
NEATNESS AND
ORGANIZATION.

SLOPPINESS IS BAD...
CLEANLINESS IS
GOOD...

TENK YOU
VEDDY
MUCH.

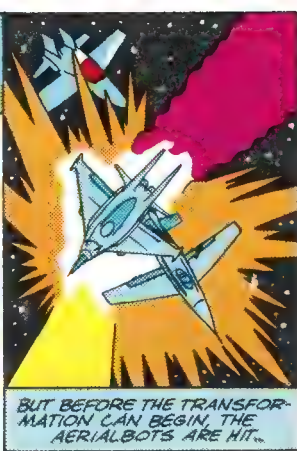


AND AS THE QUINTESSENS FIRE UPON THE AUTOBOTS, THE JUNKIONS ARE QUICK TO REACT TO THE ATTACK... AND FIRE AT THE QUINTESSENS.

AERIALBOTS! WE'RE CAUGHT IN A CROSS-FIRE! FORM SUPERIOR!



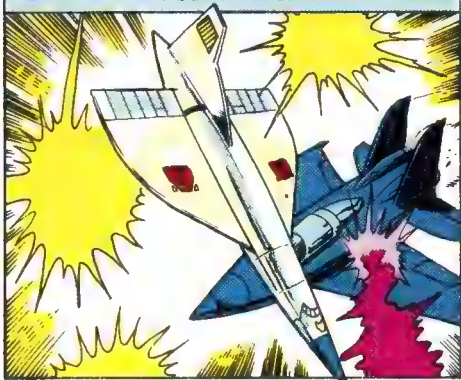
BUT BEFORE THE TRANSFORMATION CAN BEGIN, THE AERIALBOTS ARE HIT...



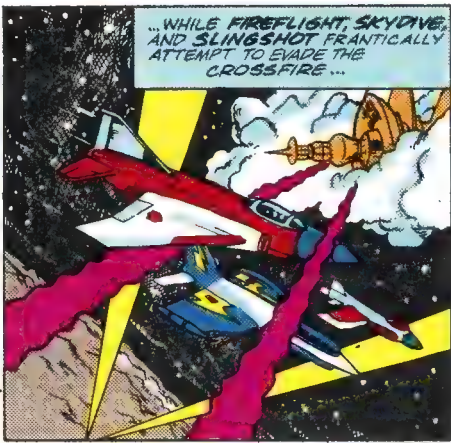
EXCELLENT. NOW FINISH THEM!



THE BARRAGE OF DEADLY RAY BLASTS INCREASES AS SILVERBOLT AND AIR RAID REMAIN IN THEIR SEMI-SUPERIOR MODE...



...WHILE FIREFLIGHT, SKYDIVE, AND SLINGSHOT FRANTICALLY ATTEMPT TO EVADE THE CROSSFIRE...



THEN, FIREFLIGHT TRANSFORMS TO ROBOT MODE...



MUST TRY MY PHOTON DISPLACER GUN--

-- AND HIT THE QUINTESSON SHIP! IT WON'T DAMAGE THEM, BUT WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE, YOU CAN'T HIT!



THE AUTOBOT HAS CREATED A LOCAL FIELD-EFFECT-- BENDING ALL LIGHT RAYS IN THE AREA! NOTHING IS VISIBLE!



ON THE PLANET BELOW, THE JUNKIONS REACT IN SURPRISE, AS SUDDENLY THEIR TARGETS DISAPPEAR!

JEEPERS, MR. KENT! WHERE'D THEY GO?

UNKNOWINGLY, THE OTHER AUTOBOTS HAVE FLOWN OUTSIDE THE DISTORTION FIELD TO FORM--

--SUPERION!

THERE! FIRE AT THE AUTOBOT GIANT!

BUT THE QUINTESSON-LAUNCHED CHARGED PARTICLE BEAMS BOUNCE HARMLESSLY OFF THE APPROACHING SUPERION.

BZING!
BZAKT!

OOOF! FRONTAL ASSAULT-- NO GOOD! THAT HULL'S TOO THICK!

BUT INSIDE THE SHIP THE REVERBERATIONS OF SUPERION'S ATTACK ARE BEING FELT.

RAISE FORCE FIELD IMMEDIATELY.

UGH! FORCE FIELD REPELLING ME!

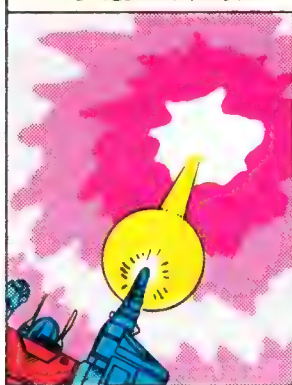
AHEAD--A QUINTESSON SHIP! I CAN MAKE OUT ITS OUTLINE IN THE CLOUD!

WHANG



I'LL FIRE MY JETS
FULL FORCE AT
THIS PRESSOR
FIELD AND SEE
IF I CAN
GET THROUGH.

THE IMPACT AREA AROUND THE
DENTED FORCE FIELD BEGINS
TO GLOW OMINOUSLY.

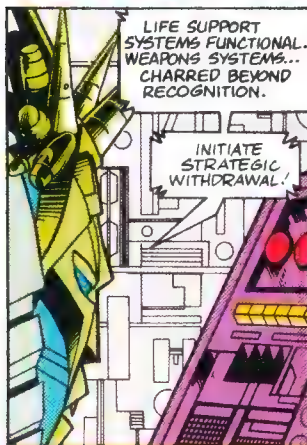


HE'S OVERLOADING
ALL OUR SYSTEMS!
WE'LL BE
DEFENCELESS IF--



AS SUPERION,
SEMI-CONSCIOUS,
TUMBLES AWAY...

STATUS
REPORT!



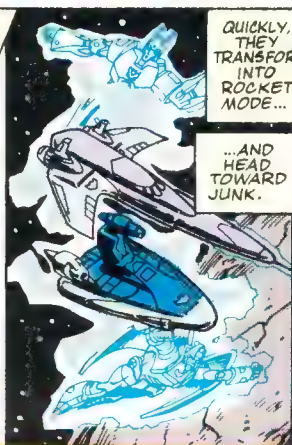
LIFE SUPPORT
SYSTEMS FUNCTIONAL...
WEAPONS SYSTEMS...
CHARRED BEYOND
RECOGNITION.

INITIATE
STRATEGIC
WITHDRAWAL!



AT THAT INSTANT, DECEP-
TICONS CYCLONUS AND
SCOURGE ARRIVE...

A QUINTESSON
SHIP. SOMETHING
VERY PECULIAR IS
HAPPENING HERE.



QUICKLY,
THEY
TRANSFORM
INTO
ROCKET
MODE...

...AND
HEAD
TOWARD
JUNK.



NEXT: THE WHOLE TRUTH!

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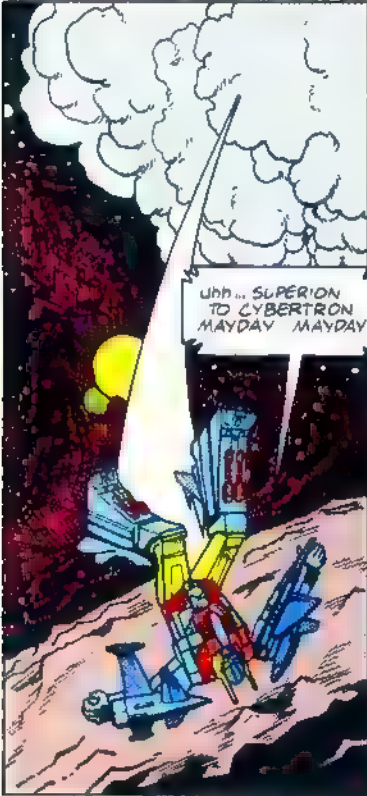
THE TRANSFORMERS™

and

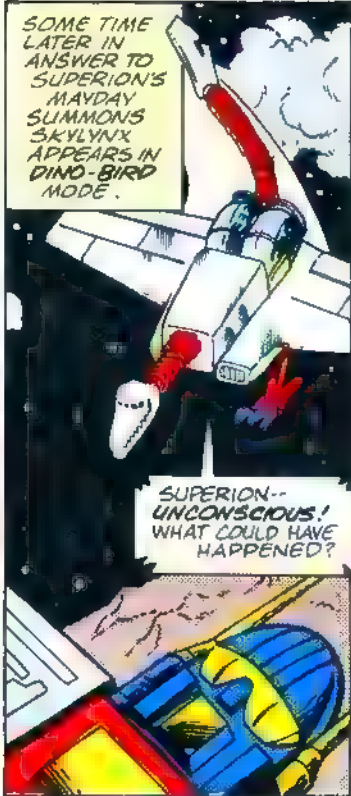
ACTION FORCE™



ONCE UPON A TIME...

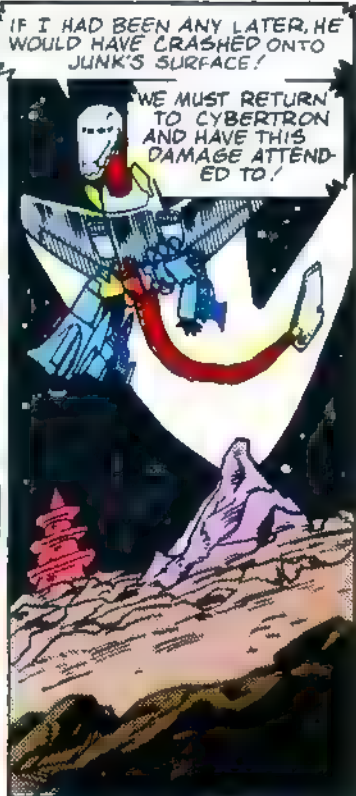


UHH... SUPERION TO CYBERTRON MAYDAY MAYDAY



SOME TIME LATER IN ANSWER TO SUPERION'S MAYDAY SUMMONS SKYLYNX APPEARS IN DINO-BIRD MODE.

SUPERION-- UNCONSCIOUS! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED?



IF I HAD BEEN ANY LATER, HE WOULD HAVE CRASHED ONTO JUNK'S SURFACE!

WE MUST RETURN TO CYBERTRON AND HAVE THIS DAMAGE ATTENDED TO!



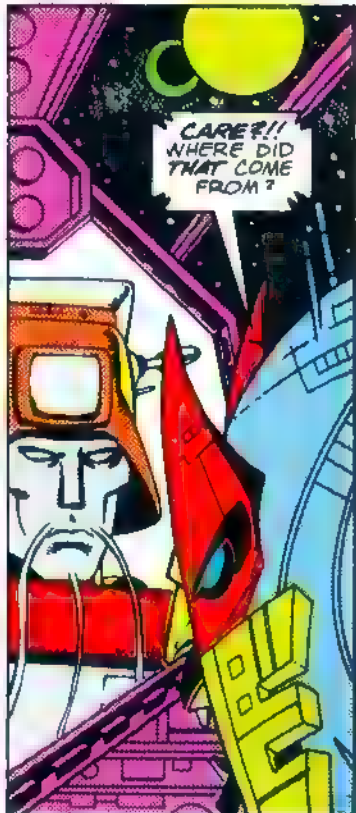
ELSEWHERE ON THE PLANET, WRECK-GAR AND HIS JUNKION LADY SIT ENTRANCED BY A GAME SHOW BROADCAST FROM EARTH...

AND THIS COMBINATION GRANNY AND ATTACK-DOG-BOT CAN BE YOURS IF YOU NAME THAT PRICE

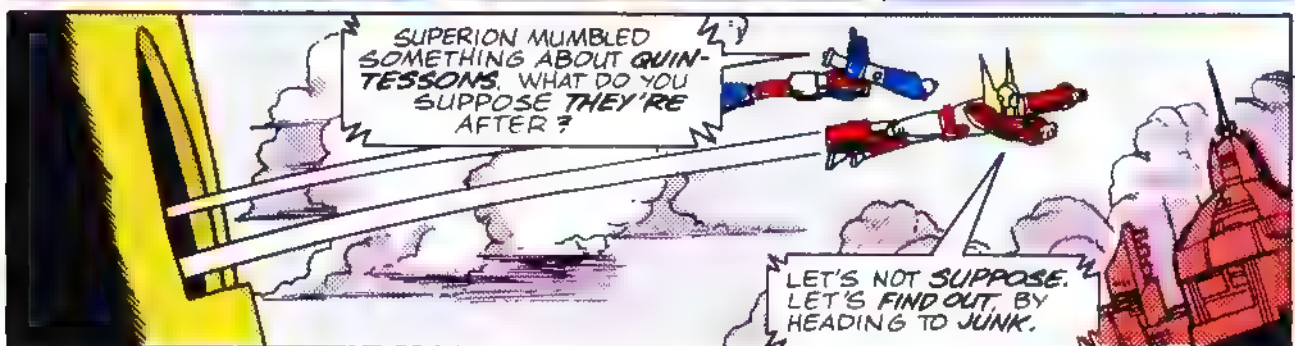
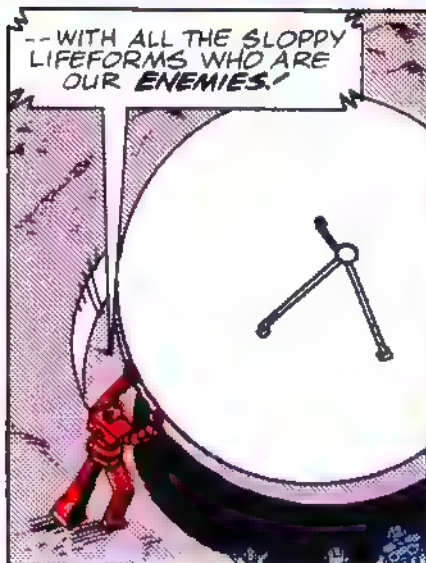
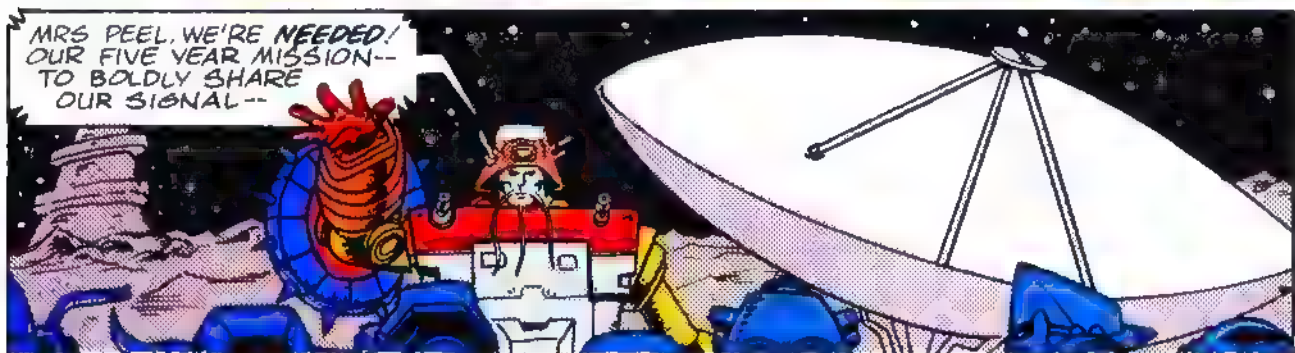
TO CARE IS TO SHARE,, TO SHARE IS TO CARE

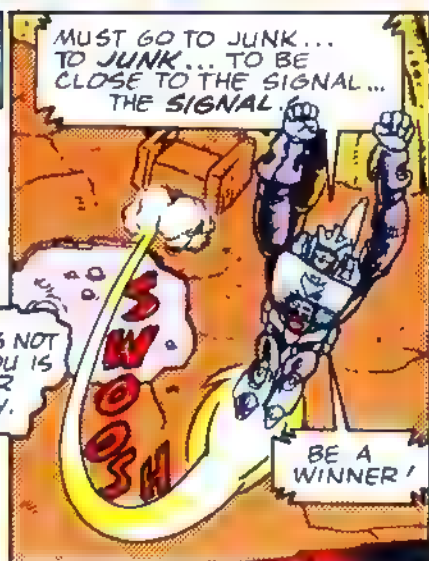
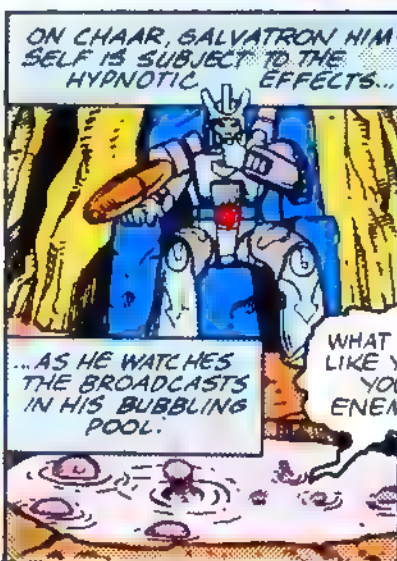
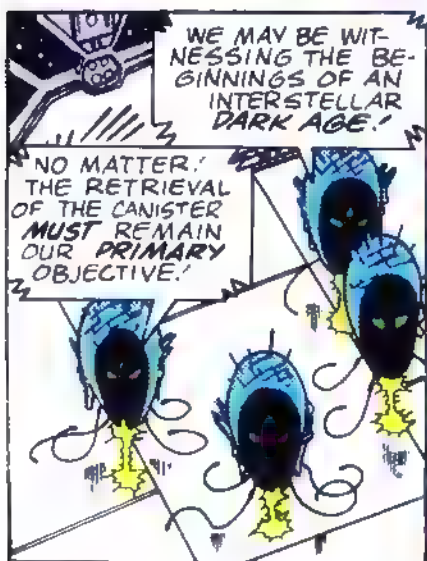
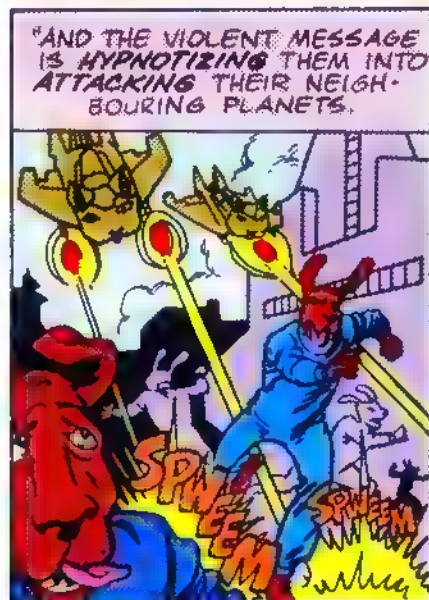
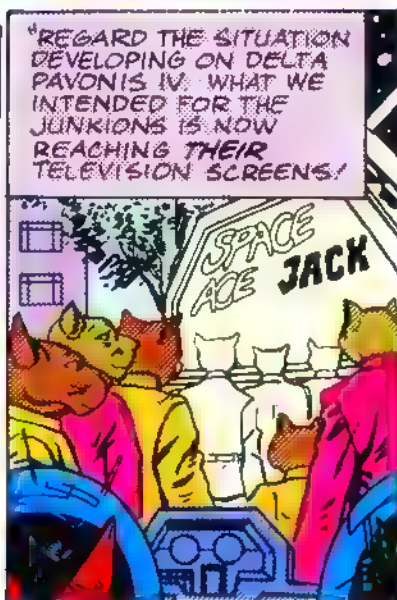
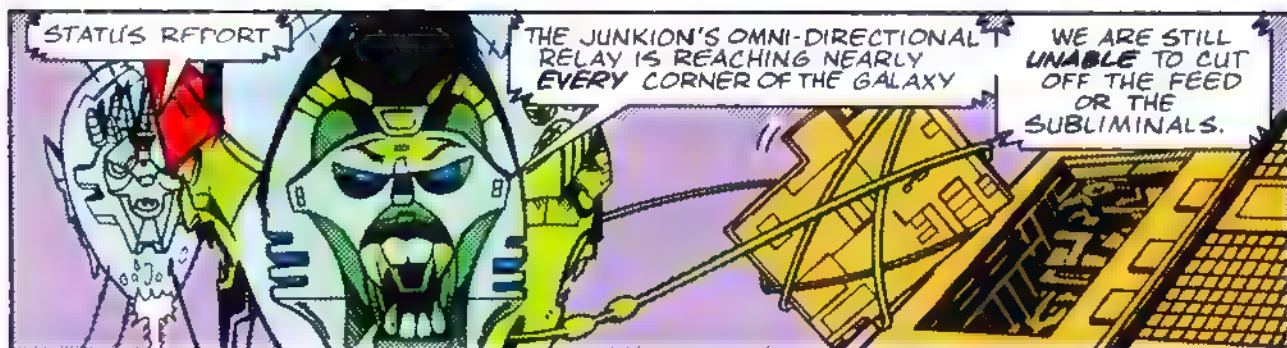


CARE.. SHARE.. CARE..



CARE?!! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?







GALYATRON! GALYATRON-- WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

HE'S HEADED FOR JUNK! LET'S FOLLOW!

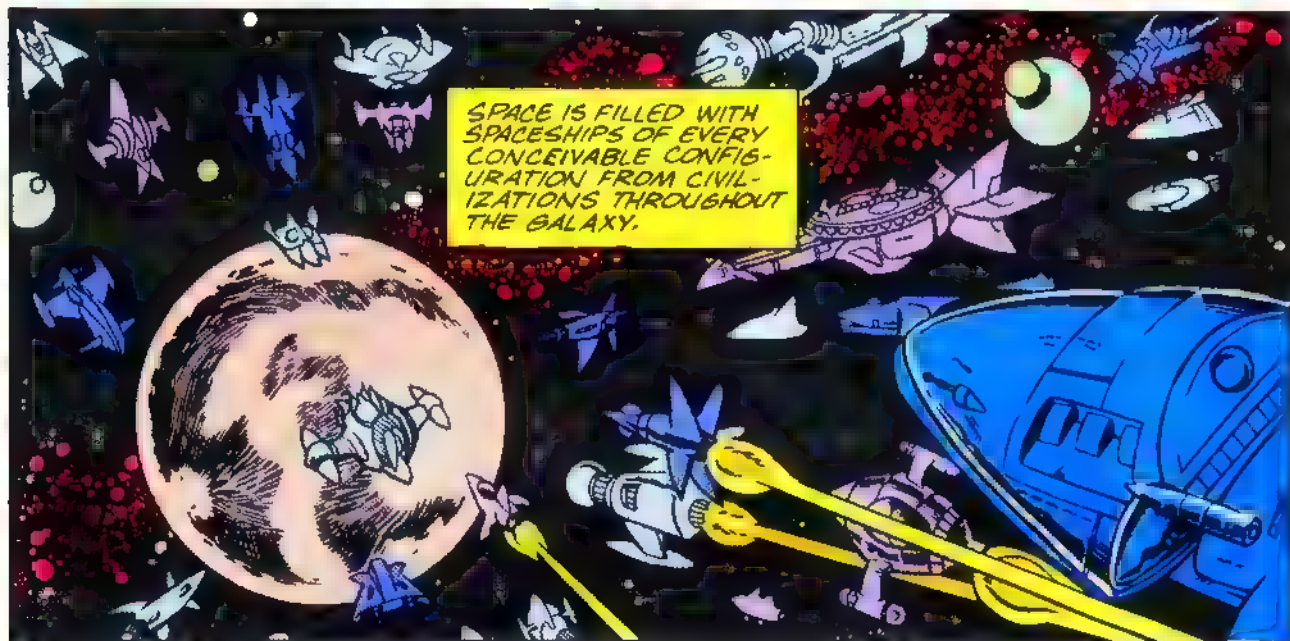


AND ON JUNK, ALL THE DEBRIS HAS BEEN NEATLY STACKED.

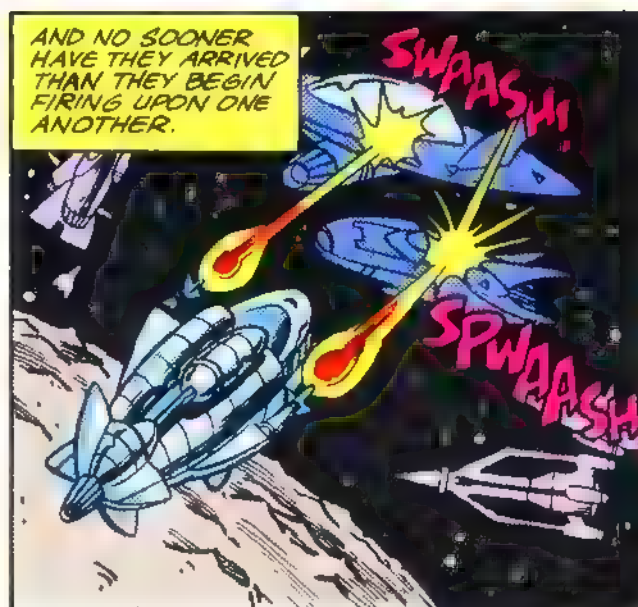
LOOKIN' GOODDD! NO MORE WAXY YELLOW BUILD-UP!



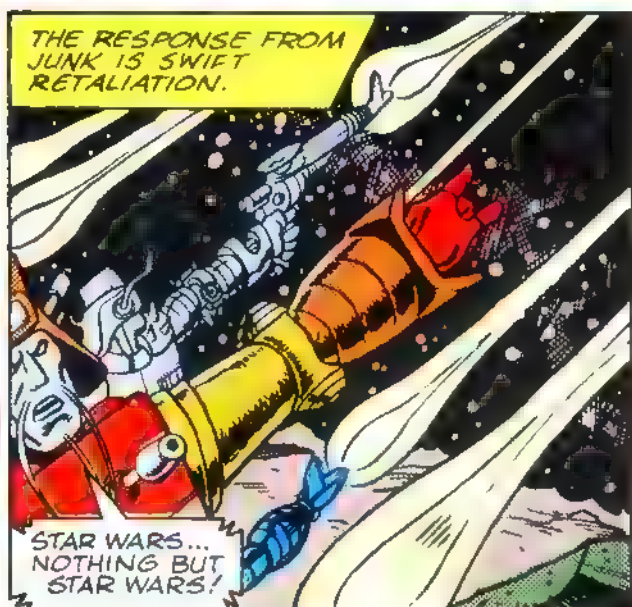
THEN--



SPACE IS FILLED WITH SPACESHIPS OF EVERY CONCEIVABLE CONFIGURATION FROM CIVILIZATION THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.



AND NO SOONER HAVE THEY ARRIVED THAN THEY BEGIN FIRING UPON ONE ANOTHER.

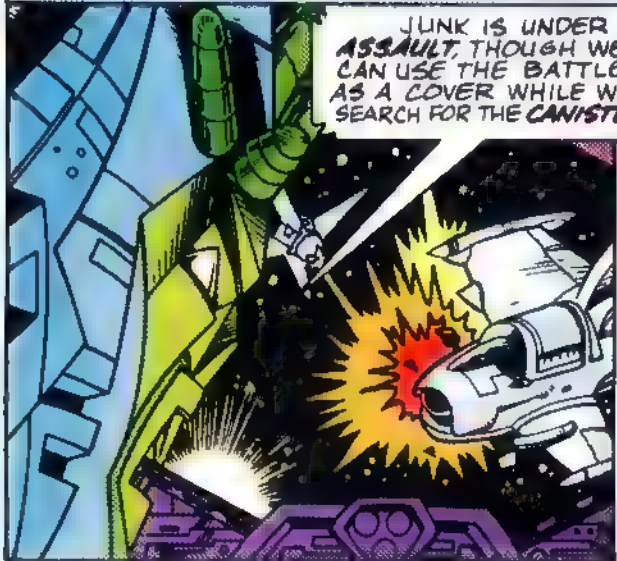


THE RESPONSE FROM JUNK IS SWIFT RETALIATION.

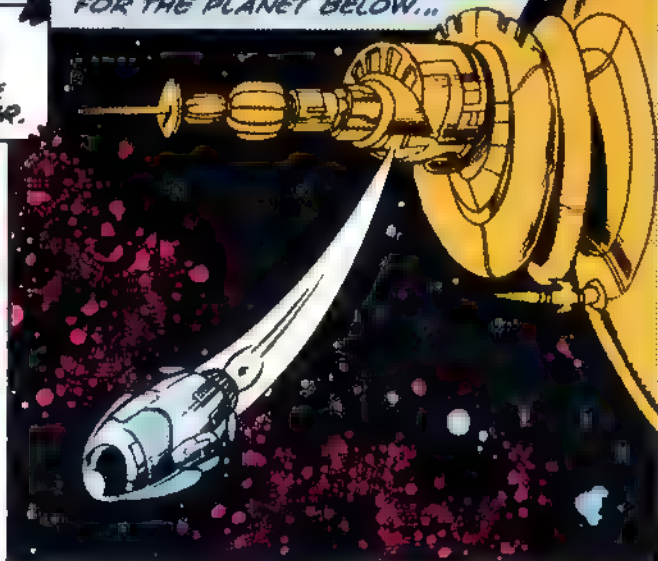
STAR WARS... NOTHING BUT STAR WARS!

AND OBSERVING THE BATTLE ON THEIR MONITOR SCREENS-- THE EVIL QUINTESSONS!

JUNK IS UNDER ASSAULT. THOUGH WE CAN USE THE BATTLE AS A COVER WHILE WE SEARCH FOR THE CAVISTER.

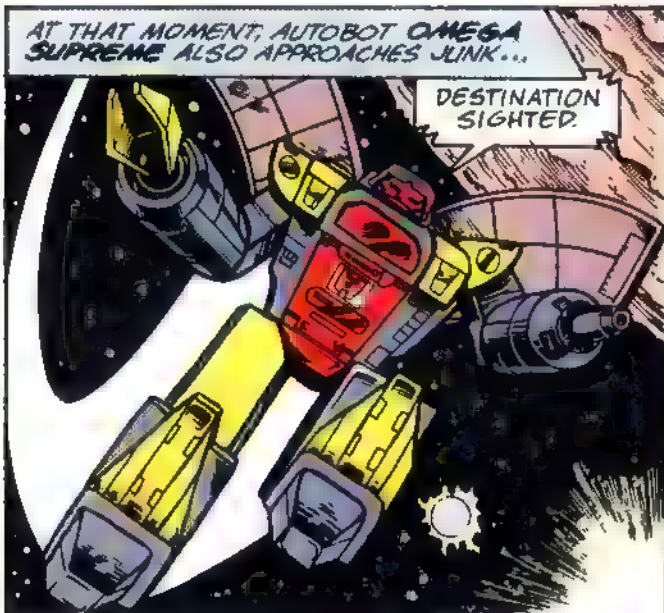


MOMENTS LATER, A QUINTESSON SHUTTLECRAFT SILENTLY HEADS FOR THE PLANET BELOW...



AT THAT MOMENT, AUTOBOT OMEGA SUPREME ALSO APPROACHES JUNK...

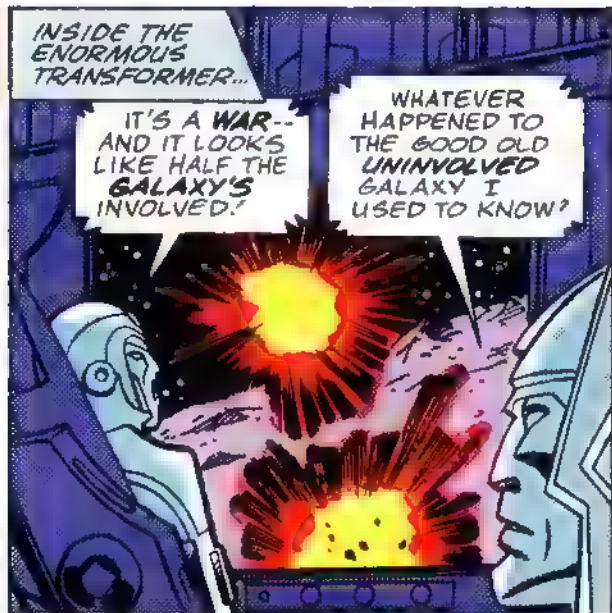
DESTINATION SIGHTED.



INSIDE THE ENORMOUS TRANSFORMER...

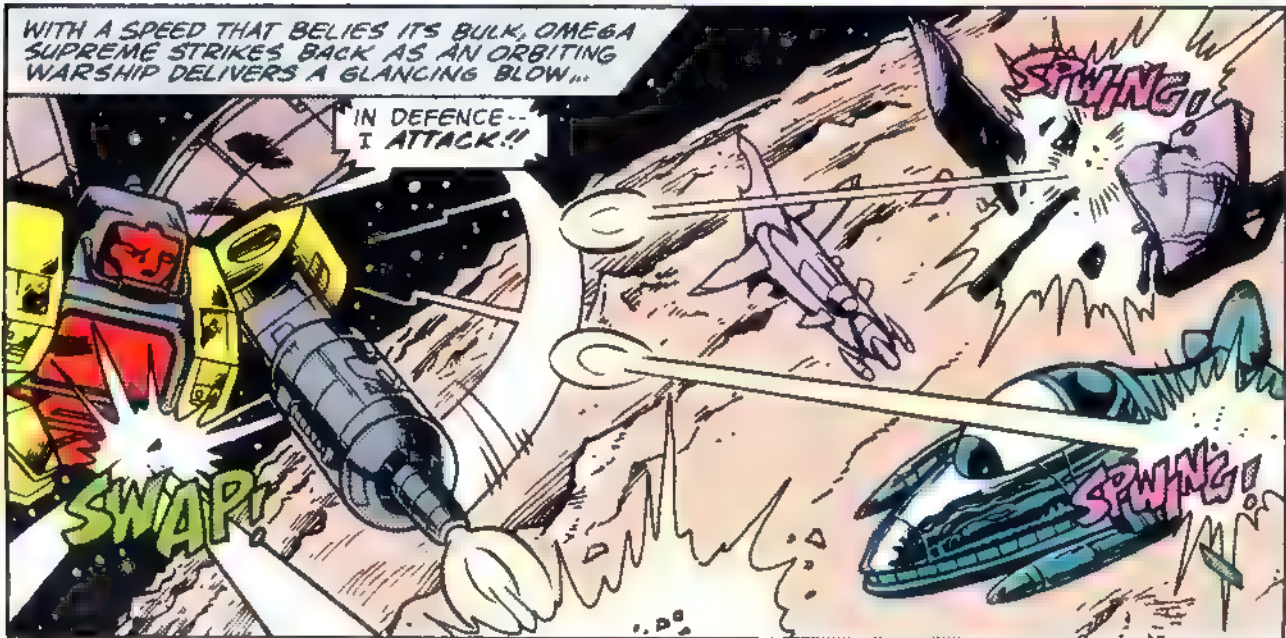
IT'S A WAR-- AND IT LOOKS LIKE HALF THE GALAXY'S INVOLVED.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE GOOD OLD UNINVOLVED GALAXY I USED TO KNOW?

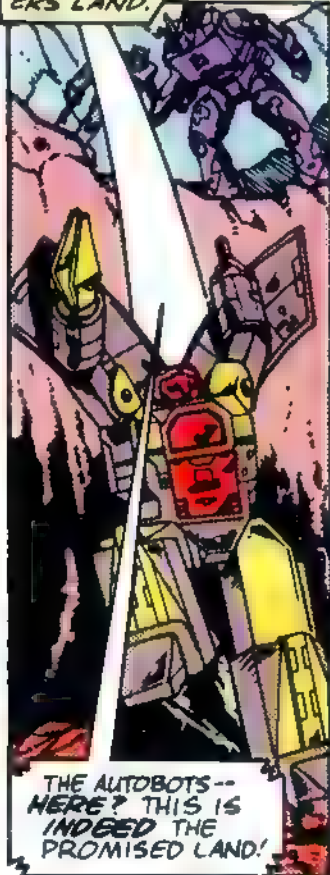


WITH A SPEED THAT BELIES ITS BULK, OMEGA SUPREME STRIKES BACK AS AN ORBITING WARSHIP DELIVERS A GLANCING BLOW...

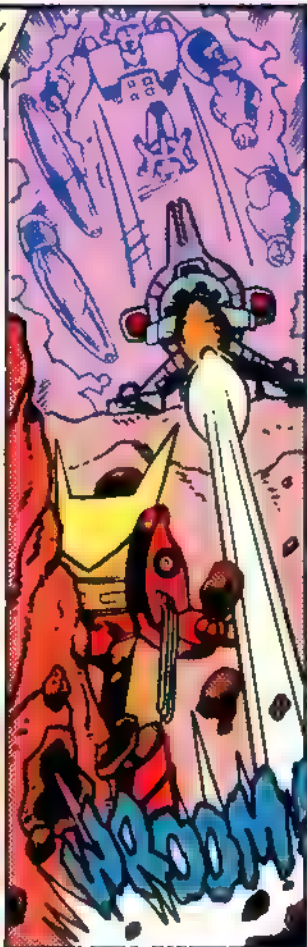
IN DEFENCE-- I ATTACK!!



IN THE MIDST, GALVATRON
AND TWO OF HIS FOLLOW-
ERS LAND.



THE AUTOBOTS--
HERE? THIS IS
INDEED THE
PROMISED LAND!



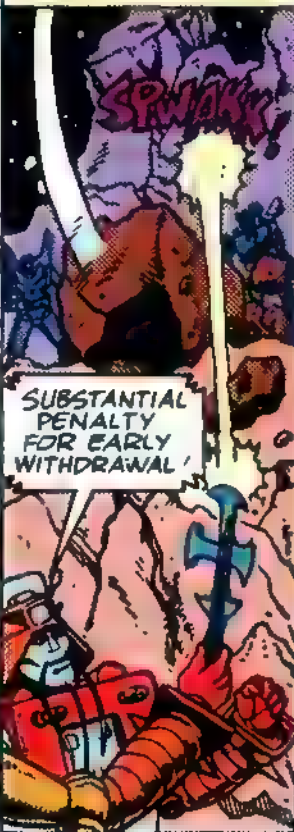
LET THERE BE
NOTHING BETWEEN
US AS THE FINAL
BATTLE BEGINS!



WRONG!

YOU'RE THE
ONE WHO'LL BE
JUNK, RODIMUS
PRIME!

WRECK-GAR BLASTS A
MOUND OF DEBRIS,
SEPARATING AUTO-
BOT AND DECEPTICON.



SUBSTANTIAL
PENALTY
FOR EARLY
WITHDRAWAL!

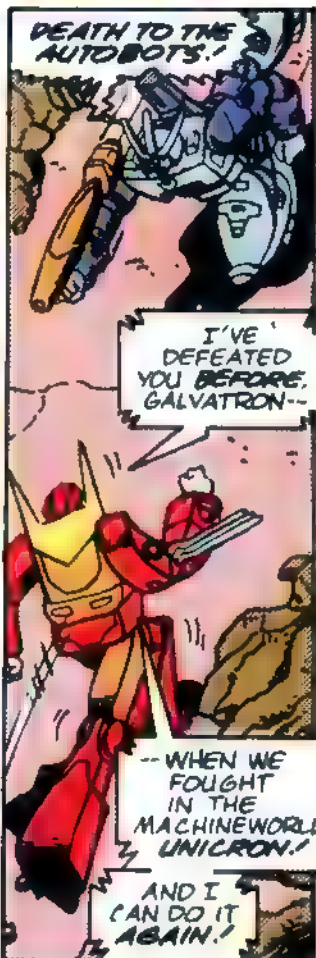
A SCRAPYARD--
WHAT AN APPROPRI-
ATE PLACE FOR
YOU TO MEET YOUR
END, CYCLONUS!



PREPARE FOR YOUR
FATE, AUTOBOT!
PREPARE-- FOR IN
GALVATRON, YOU
HAVE AT LAST MET
YOUR MATCH!



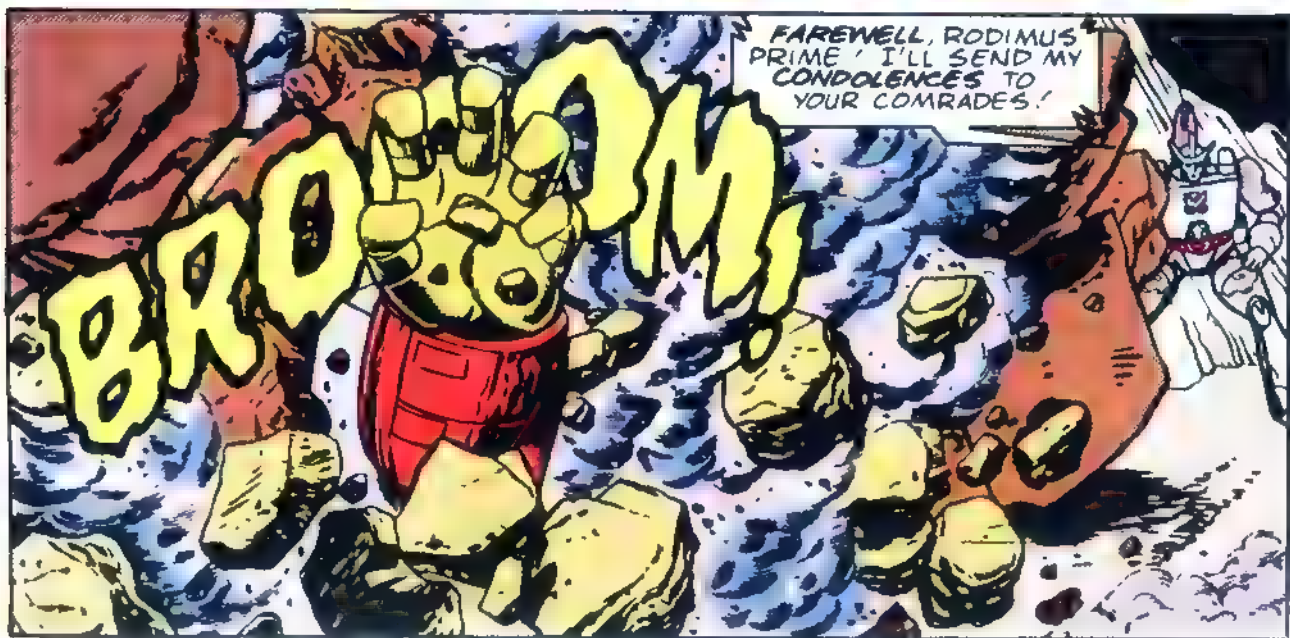
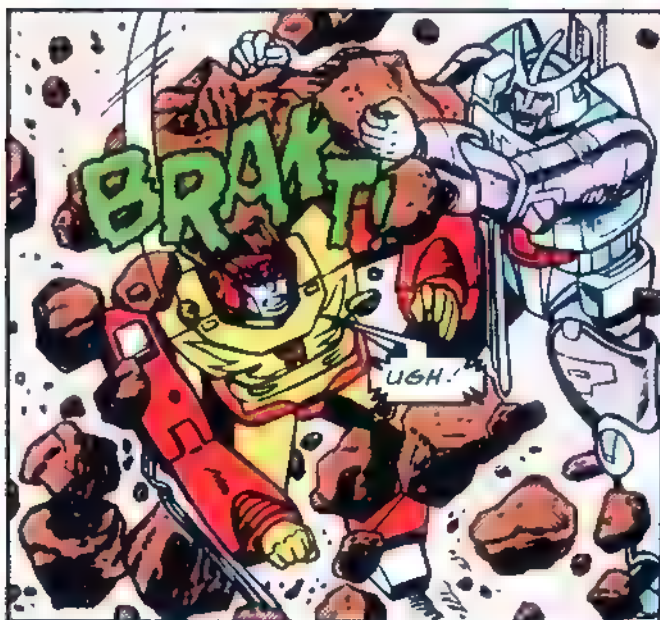
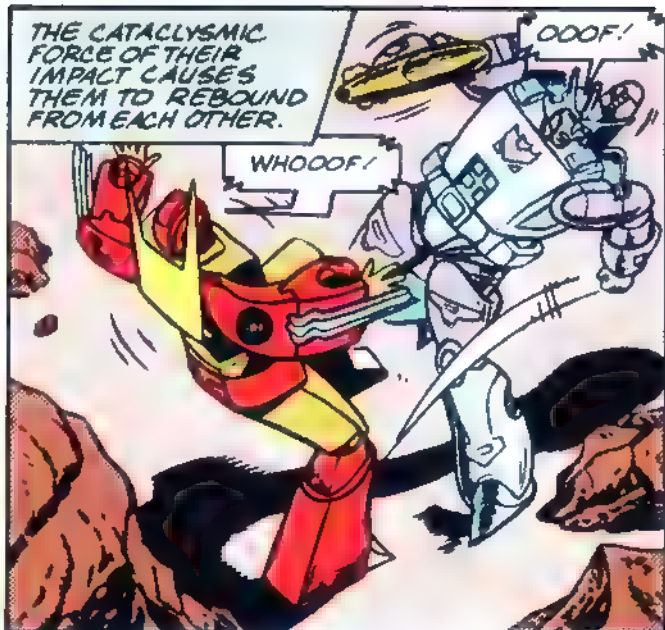
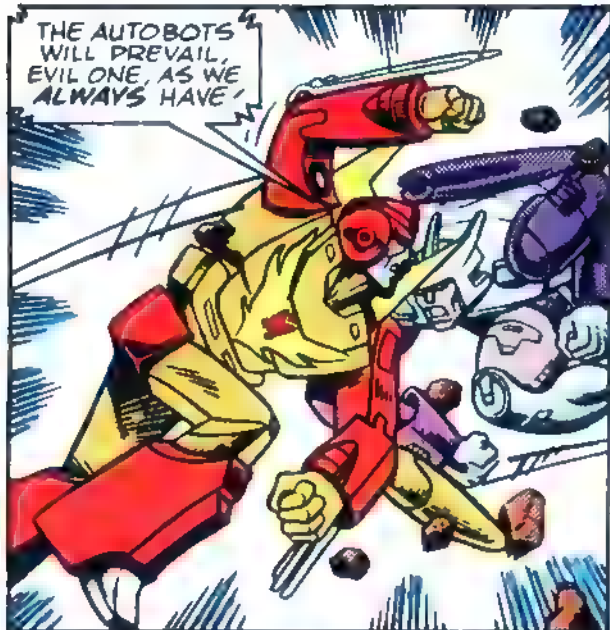
DEATH TO THE
AUTOBOTS!



I'VE
DEFEATED
YOU BEFORE,
GALVATRON--

-- WHEN WE
FOUGHT
IN THE
MACHINEWORLD,
UNICRON!

AND I
CAN DO IT
AGAIN!

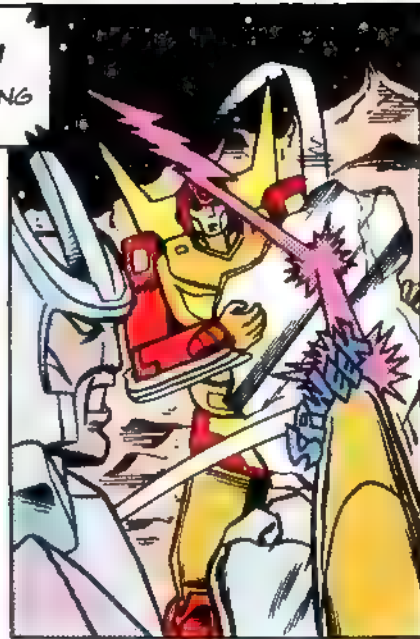
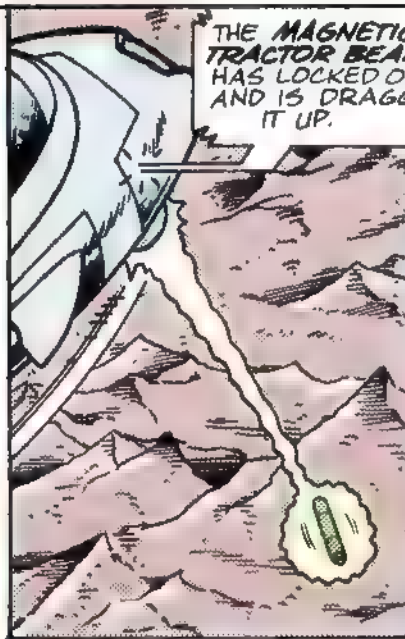


ELSEWHERE...

OUR SENSORS
HAVE SPOTTED
THE CANISTER.
ACTIVATE THE
MAGNETIC BEAM.

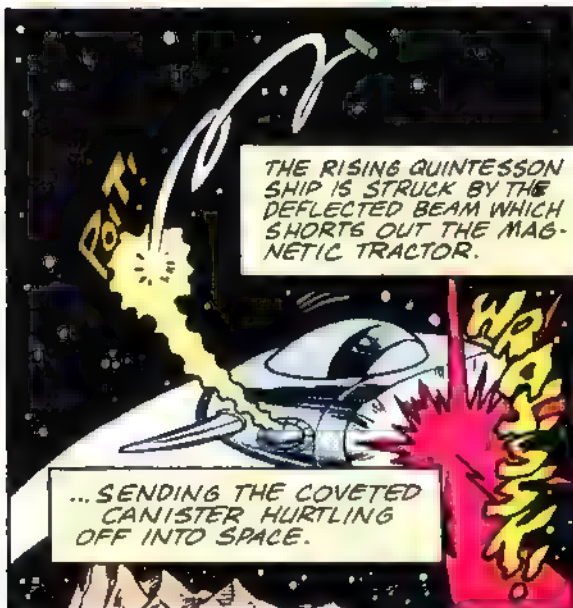


THE MAGNETIC
TRACTOR BEAM
HAS LOCKED ON
AND IS DRAGGING
IT UP.

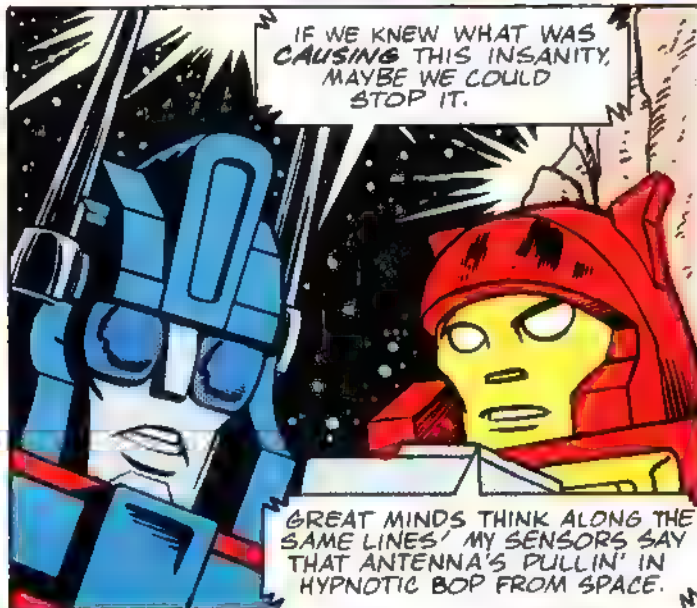


THE RISING QUINTESSON
SHIP IS STRUCK BY THE
DEFLECTED BEAM WHICH
SHORTS OUT THE MAG-
NETIC TRACTOR.

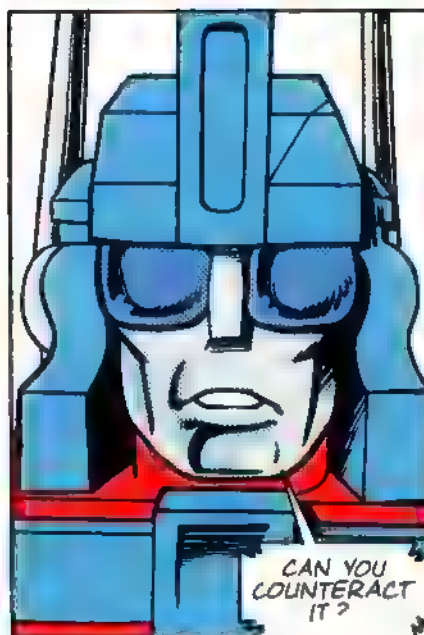
...SENDING THE COVETED
CANISTER HURLING
OFF INTO SPACE.



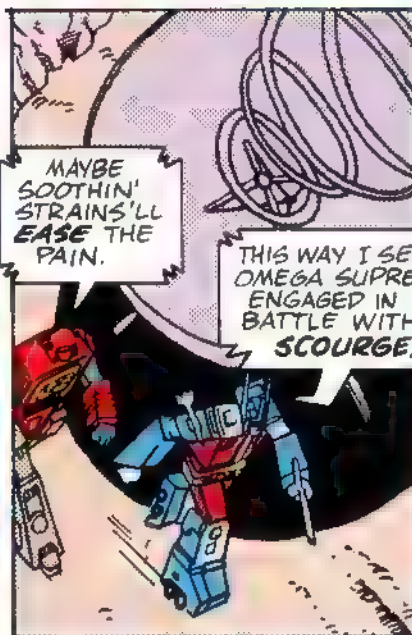
IF WE KNEW WHAT WAS
CAUSING THIS INSANITY,
MAYBE WE COULD
STOP IT.



GREAT MINDS THINK ALONG THE
SAME LINES' MY SENSORS SAY
THAT ANTENNA'S PULLIN' IN
HYPNOTIC BOP FROM SPACE.

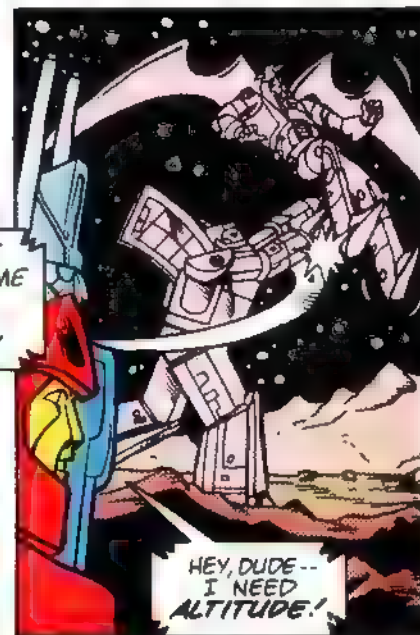


CAN YOU
COUNTERACT
IT?



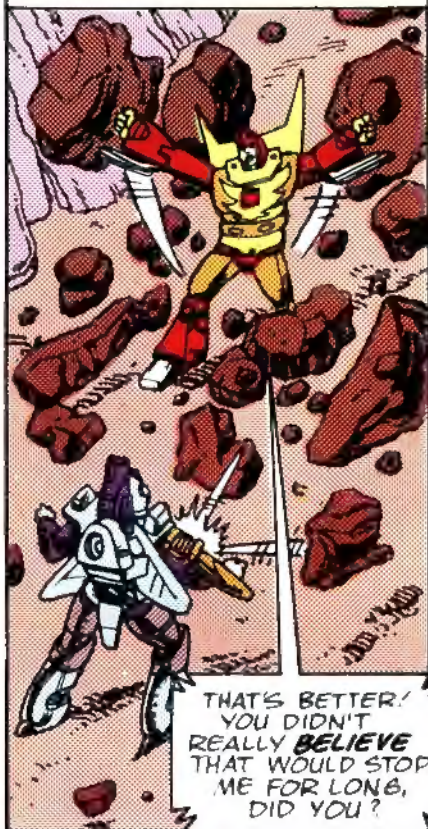
MAYBE
SOOTHIN'
STRAINS'LL
EASE THE
PAIN.

THIS WAY I SEE
OMEGA SUPREME
ENGAGED IN
BATTLE WITH
SCOURGE!



HEY, DUDE--
I NEED
ALTITUDE!

AND AT A NEARBY PILE OF WRECKAGE WHERE THERE HAS BEEN NO MOVEMENT FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS...



THAT'S BETTER! YOU DIDN'T REALLY **BELIEVE** THAT WOULD STOP ME FOR LONG, DID YOU?

AT LEAST IT ALLOWED ME THE CHANCE TO PUT SEVERAL OF YOUR FELLOWS OUT OF COMMISSION!



THEN THAT'S MORE I OWE YOU, **FIEND**! I'LL--WAIT! WHAT'S THAT SOUND--LIKE **MUSIC**?

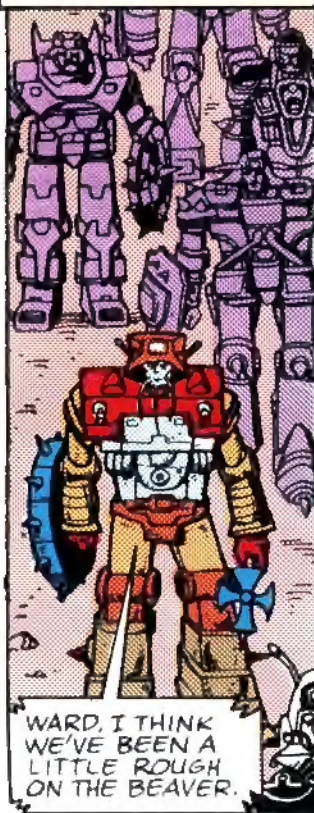
DON'T TRY TO FOOL ME WITH--YES--YES, YOU'RE RIGHT!

IN ROCKET MODE, **OMEGA SUPREME** FLIES OVER JUNK...

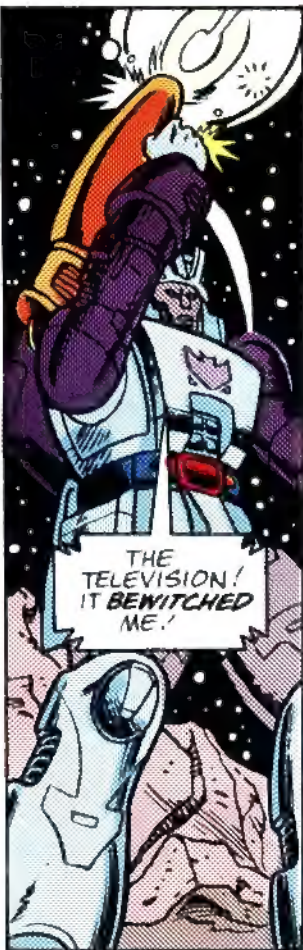


...HOLDING **BLASTER**, WHO'S IN **RADIO MODE**, PLAYING MUSIC...

...SOOTHING, SYNTHESIZED MANTOVANI-LIKE STRAINS THAT WASH OVER THE ENTRANCED JUNKIONS--AWAKENING THEM.

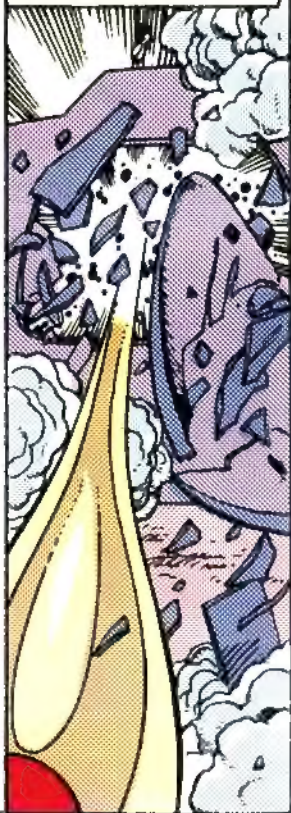


WARD, I THINK WE'VE BEEN A LITTLE ROUGH ON THE BEAVER.



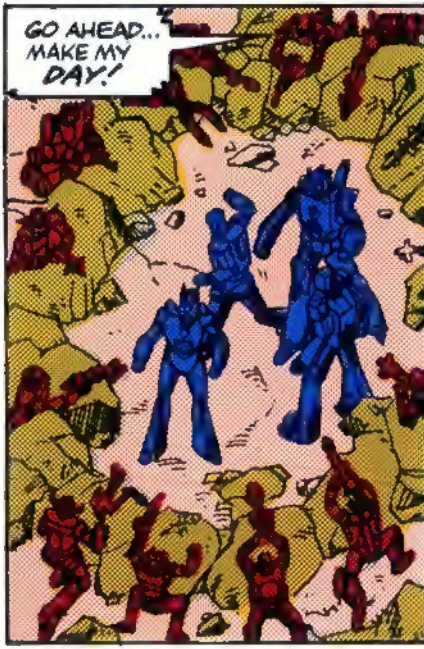
THE TELEVISION! IT BEWITCHED ME!

GALVATRON'S SUD- DEN BURST SHAT- TERS THE MEGA- SCREEN AND ITS ANTENNA.

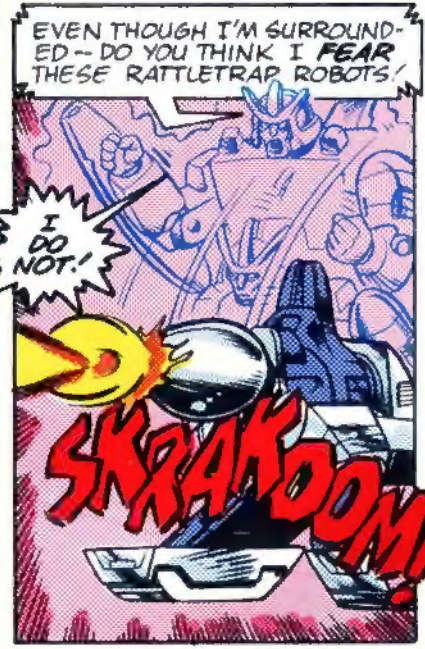


HOWEVER, THAT DOESN'T MEAN I **DON'T** REALLY **HATE** YOU, **RODINUS**. I **DO**!





GO AHEAD...
MAKE MY
DAY!



EVEN THOUGH I'M SURROUND-
ED-- DO YOU THINK I **FEAR**
THESE RATTLETRAP ROBOTS!

I
DO
NOT!

SKRAK DOOM!

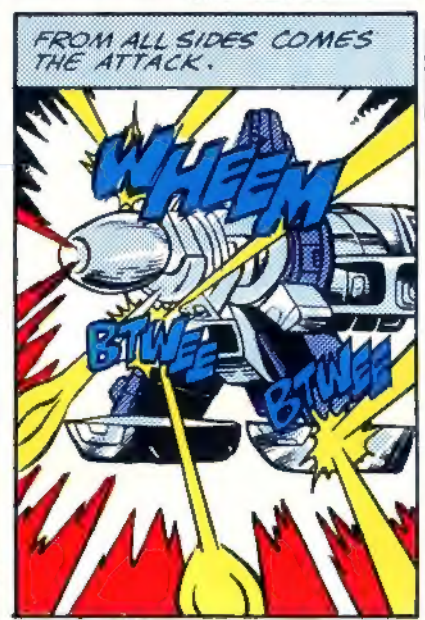


SPWHEM

SPWHEM



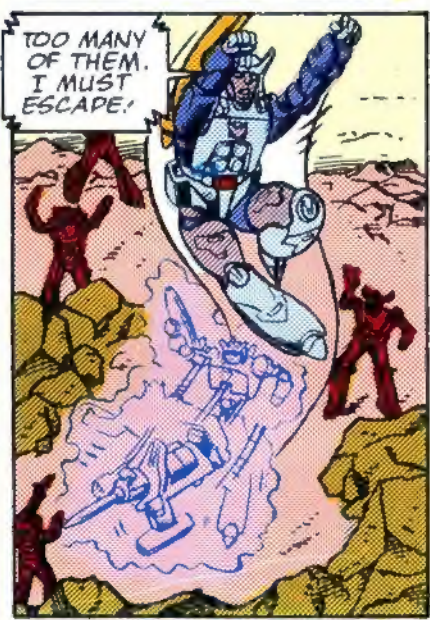
FACE IT, GALVATRON --
YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED
AND OUTGUNNED.
YOU LOSE!



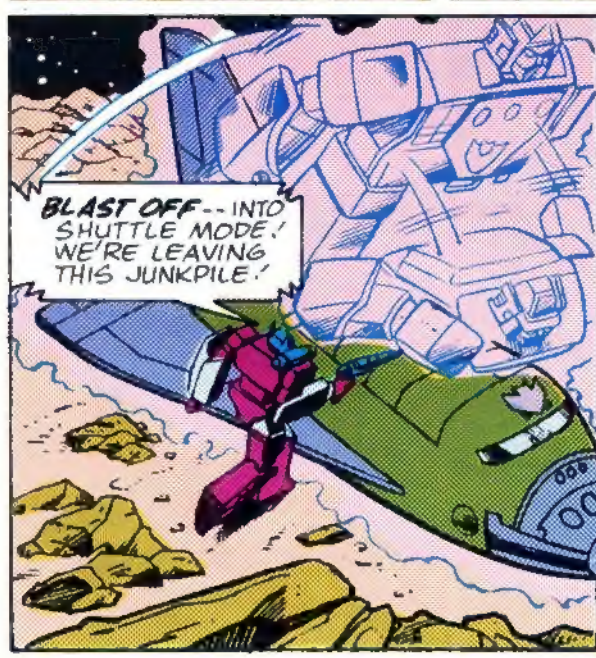
FROM ALL SIDES COMES
THE ATTACK.

WHEEM

BTWEE BTWEE



TOO MANY
OF THEM.
I MUST
ESCAPE!



BLAST OFF-- INTO
SHUTTLE MODE!
WE'RE LEAVING
THIS JUNKPILE!



GALVATRON-- MASTER!
DON'T LEAVE ME BEHIND!

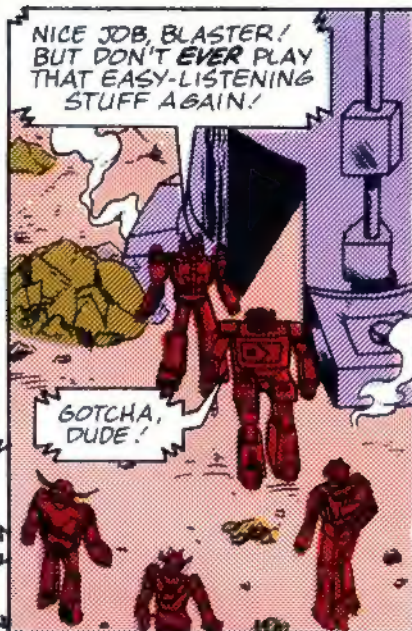
DON'T
LEAVE ME
BEHIND!



I'LL SPEAK TO GALVATRON ABOUT MAKING JUNK OFF-LIMITS TO ALL DECEPTICONS.

YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT ABOUT THAT BEFORE THIS FIASCO BEGAN.

WE'RE LUCKY TO HAVE ESCAPED WITH OUR LIVES INTACT.



NICE JOB, BLASTER! BUT DON'T EVER PLAY THAT EASY-LISTENING STUFF AGAIN!

GOTCHA, DUDE!



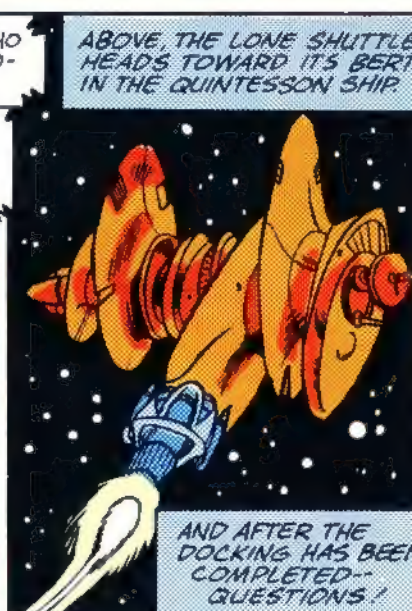
WRECK-GAR! WHAT HAPPENED? HOW--

I DUNNO! I WAS A VICTIM OF SOICUM-STANCES!



I WONDER IF WE'LL EVER KNOW WHO BROADCAST THOSE MYSTERIOUS PROGRAMS?

PERSONALLY, I DON'T CARE--AS LONG AS THEY'RE OFF THE AIR FOR GOOD!



ABOVE, THE LONE SHUTTLE HEADS TOWARD ITS BERTH IN THE QUINTESSON SHIP.

AND AFTER THE DOCKING HAS BEEN COMPLETED-- QUESTIONS!



ALL THE OTHER SHIPS ARE LEAVING JUNK. DID YOU RECOVER THE CANISTER?

NO. IT WAS LOST IN SPACE. WE ARE PREPARED TO PAY THE PENALTY.



THEN, THE SENTENCE IS PASSED.



DEATH!



"I'LL BE HAPPY TO OBLIGE YOU-- BUT FIRST WE FIND THE CANISTER..."

"...BEFORE THE INFORMATION IT CONTAINS SETS EVERY SENTIENT BEING IN THE GALAXY AGAINST US!"

"DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, TORTURER?"

THE REAL WORLD,
EARTH DATE: 2008.

EPILOGUE

AND THAT WAS THE FINAL CREDITS AS FAR AS THE CANISTER WAS CONCERNED. LOST IN SPACE - NOT TO BE CONTINUED, SAME TIME, SAME CHANNEL.

EXCELLENT! ANOTHER CONFESSION EXTRACTED WITH MY USUAL SKILL AND EXPEDIENCY!

MY REPUTATION AS THE GALAXY'S GREATEST TORTURER REMAINS INTACT!

AH, IT'S YOU! THEN YOU HEARD? ARE YOU PLEASED WITH THE INFORMATION I EXTRACTED FOR YOU?

IMBECILE!

WRECK-BAR'S WHOLE ACCOUNT IS FULL OF ABSURDITIES AND CONTRADICTIONS. NOT TO MENTION LIES! WE ARE THE QUINTESSONS!

I ACCUSE YOU OF FEEBLE-MINDED STUPIDITY!

GALVATRON RESIDES IN ANOTHER TIME ZONE, AS DO CYCLONUS AND SCOURGE! THE LIST IS ENDLESS! YOU HAVE FALLEN FOR THE EQUIVALENT OF A CHILDREN'S STORY!

THE VERDICT IS INNO-CENT...

THE SENTENCE...

... IS DEATH!

GOODNIGHT, CHILDREN...

... EVERYWHERE!



NEXT:

SPACE PIRATES!